THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles: comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Its circulation renders it a most eligible medium for Advertisements.*

No. 326.—Vol. VII. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26. 1826. PRICE 3½d.

Natural History.

SHOWERS OF ANIMATED AND INANIMATE BODIES FROM THE CLOUDS.

The letter of a correspondent, which appeared in the last number of the *Kaleidoscope*, reminded us that we had not yet fulfilled our promise to republish some extracts relative to the subject of his former letter. They will be found appended to this editorial paragraph.

L., if we may judge from his last communication, is not one of those who insist upon ocular demonstration or irresistible testimony before they give credit to any phenomenon which appears to be a wide deviation from the ordinary laws of nature. We cannot accompany him the full length of his creed; as we do not think the existence of the Kraken rests upon testimony sufficiently strong to substantiate a belief in so very extraordinary a monster. If *L.*, however, will consult Pontappidan's Natural History of Norway, he will find much singular information respecting krakens, sea serpents, and other huge tenants of the deep. We have long believed in the existence of the marine animal called the sea serpent, as there is nothing to stagger credibility in the phenomenon. There have been larger serpents seen on land than that which Capt. Holdridge lately saw, and of which we gave an engraved sketch in a late number. When we contemplate the ample room which the bed of our immense ocean affords, for the unmolested existence of enormous monsters, we can readily believe that creatures much larger than the serpent lately seen inhabit the sea, but the kraken we own staggers our faith.

With respect to the showers of small fish, frogs, &c. which are said to have fallen from the clouds from time to time, all we can say is, that the phenomena are attested by so many witnesses of respectability that we do not ourselves entertain much doubt on the subject. As for the mode of their formation, we know nothing; nor do we believe that philosophers are much less in the dark on the subject.* So many substances have fallen from the clouds, that a few frogs or small fry ought not to create extraordinary surprise. We shall take an early opportunity of enumerating some of these aërial consignments, consisting of stones, weighing from ten to thirty pounds. Amongst the instances on record is one, however, which may perhaps stagger the faith of a majority of our readers, viz.:—the descent of a mass of iron of seventy cubic feet, together with showers of sand, fire, sulphur, and mercury. Amongst those who attest these incomprehensible phenomena, are Humboldt, and some of the most celebrated men of this and former ages; as we shall show in an article on the subject, which we shall take a very early opportunity of presenting to our readers, from a most interesting work published at Charleston, in America, during the present year. The title of this valuable work, from which we shall make copious extracts, is, "Sketches of the Elements of Natural Philosophy, accompanied with Sketches of a New Theory of the Earth, &c. by J. L. E. W. Shecut, author of Flora Caroliniensis; of An Essay on the Yellow Fever of 1817; on Contagion and Infection; of Medical and Philosophical Essays; Elements of Medicine, &c."

We promise our readers much amusement, and we may add, instruction, from the selections we purpose making from Mr. Shecut's sketches.—*Edit. Kal.*

[*Extract from the 2d volume of the Kaleidoscope, page* 397.]

"*To the Editor.*—Sir,—In Bingley's Animal Biography (4th edition, vol. I. p. 12) after mentioning that in India, ponds of considerable depth are formed in a few hours, by sudden rain, in places where, for months before, there has not been the smallest appearance of vegetation or moisture; and, that in less than twenty-four hours after the fall of rain, verdure is apparent in every direction; the author adds, "but the most surprising circumstance is, that *very shortly* after this verdure begins to appear, these newly-formed ponds are found swarming with fish of such a size as to admit of being taken with nets, and to afford food for man. This circumstance is related by Dr. Anderson (Rbcreations in Agric: I. 270) on the authority of a very respectable person of Bombay, and was not stated until the fullest inquiries had been made, and the most satisfactory evidence had appeared respecting it." Can any of your readers inform me *what kind of fish* are these of such sudden growth, and *what time* is to be understood by the period here denominated '*very shortly*?'—Yours,

"INDAGATOR."

"*June* 10, 1822."

"In reference to the inquiry of *Indagator*, we have to observe, that the testimony of various travellers concurs in stating, that it is a common thing for frogs and toads to be found alive on the flat tops of houses after violent rains in tropical climates. Mr. Pennant, in his *History of Indostan*, relates, that small fish are there found (in places which were lately quite dry) about the tenth day after the first rains; and the inhabitants make a common dish of them at their tables.—*Edit. Kal.*

* We think it highly probable, that the small frogs, fish, &c. which fall occasionally from the clouds, have been carried into the upper regions by whirlwinds. A circumstance very lately occurred which gives plausibility to this supposition: "During a dreadful storm and tornado at North Muskham, on the 6th inst. the clouds were so low, that they took up a considerable quantity of water, and left the bed of the Trent nearly dry. Trees were scattered in all directions, and nearly three hundred are broken down."—A whirlwind of such force as this would easily carry up small fish or frogs which happened to be in the water. This is, in our opinion, the most plausible solution that we have met with.

Scientific Records.

IMPROVED WOULFE'S APPARATUS.

The following improvement upon the well-known chymical apparatus of Woulfe has been communicated by a much-valued correspondent:

Fig. 1.

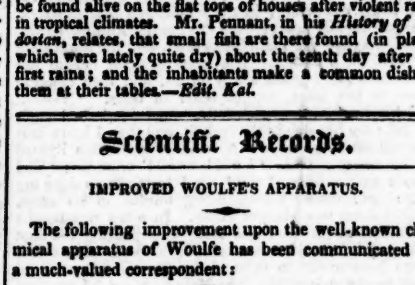


Fig. 2. *Fig.* 3.

TO THE EDITOR

SIR,—The free access which communications, sent with a view to improvement, find in your valuable miscellany, emboldens me to forward you the following:

Of all the apparatus used by chymists, few, perhaps, have undergone so many changes as Woulfe's bottles; an apparatus, the employment of which secures the chymist from those dangerous accidents to which the old method of distilling substances, the products of which were not easily condensed, was liable. The large glass recipients used at the time sulphuric acid was prepared from the common copperas, and in the manufacture of nitric and muriatic acids, were in continual jeopardy, and the only security the operator could promise himself, was, to be derived from the continual application of damp cloths to keep the receivers at as low a temperature as possible.

The apparatus which bears the name of Woulfe, though originally proposed by Glauber, an eminent German chymist, is rendered so very secure, by the introduction of the safety-tube, that we may safely say, these dangerous acids may now be distilled without the possibility of an explosion taking place.

To those already acquainted with the construction of Woulfe's apparatus, a description of its several parts, and their uses, would be superfluous; and to enter into an elaborate explanation for such as are not aware of its utility, would be foreign to my purpose, it being my intention only to give an account of a modification, which will put even the tyro in chymistry in possession of a method of making this indispensible apparatus himself, without going to the expensive price required for the three-necked bottles now in use, and one which will certainly prove a preservative of the connecting and safety-tubes. Without descanting further on the economy of the construction about to be described, or saying any thing more in its favour, I shall proceed to give an explanation of the annexed sketch, and leave it to the candid reader to judge for himself.

Fig. 1, A A A are the bottles, which do not require to be manufactured for the purpose, as almost any bottle or jar, having a mouth wide enough to admit a large cork, and the neck sufficiently deep to hold it firm, will answer the purpose, the bottles being all of a size. Fig. 2. a section of the parts shown in fig. 1, by the same references. The corks B B must project from the bottles sufficiently to allow of their having the wedge-like form given to their sides, as at *c c*.—*d d* are two slips of mahogany, with holes cut through them, according to the number of bottles, and the sides of the holes to be so formed, that the upper board, *d*, when pressed upon, shall force the corks into the bottles, and the under board, *d*, draw all the corks from the bottles, without their slipping through. In either case the hands may hold both of the boards, *d d*, and, consequently, when the corks are fixed between them, they may be screwed together. *e e* in Fig. 1, is only to assist the hand in withdrawing the corks.

The corks have holes drilled through them to receive the connecting and safety tubes. The smaller the corks can be made, without bringing the holes too close together, the better; and, of course, if the holes are made at the corners of a triangle, they will require a less surface to be at the same distance, than if made on a straight line.—

(See fig. 3.)—It may perhaps be almost needless to add that the corks should be well steeped, or boiled in oil.

Trusting that this explanation will be sufficiently comprehensive, and that Woulfe's apparatus will no longer be a desideratum with those of your scientific readers who *feel* their researches more expensive than profitable, I am, yours, &c. HENRY D——.

The glass-tubes may be procured from the makers of barometers and thermometers, who will also bend them to any pattern.

The Bouquet.

„I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

[*From the Literary Magnet.*]

"I HAVE DONE MY DUTY:"

A TALE OF THE SEA.*

BY THE OLD SAILOR.

She would sit and weep
At what a sailor suffers: fancy, too,
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,
Would oft anticipate his glad return.—*Cowper.*

"I dearly love a sailor!" exclaimed the beautiful and fascinating Mrs. D——, as she stood in the balcony of her house, leaning upon the arm of her affectionate and indulgent husband, and gazing at a poor shattered tar who supplicated charity by a look that could hardly fail of interesting the generous sympathies of the heart,—"I dearly love a sailor; he is so truly the child of nature; and I never feel more disposed to shed tears than when I see the hardy veteran who has sacrificed his youth, and even his limbs, in the service of his country,

Cast abandoned on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

Look at yon poor remnant of the tempest, probably reduced to the hard necessity of becoming a wanderer, without a home to shelter him, or one kind commiserating smile to shed a ray of sunshine on the dreary winter of his life. I can remember, when a child, I had an uncle who loved me very tenderly, and my attachment to him was almost that of a daughter; indeed he was the pride and admiration of our village, for every one esteemed him for his kind and cheerful disposition. But untoward events cast a gloom upon his mind; he hastened away to sea; and we never saw him more."

By this time the weather-beaten, care-worn seaman had advanced towards the house, and cast a wistful glance aloft; it was full of honest pride that disdained to beg, yet his appearance was so marked with every emblem of poverty and hunger, that, as the conflicting feelings worked within his breast, his countenance betrayed involuntarily the struggles of his heart. There was a manly firmness in his deportment that bespoke no ordinary mind; and a placid serenity in his eye that beamed with benevolence, and seemed only to regret that he could no longer be a friend to the poor and destitute, or share his hard-earned pittance with a messmate in distress. A few scattered gray locks peeped from beneath an old straw hat; and one sleeve of his jacket hung occupied by his side—the arm was gone. "I should like to know his history," said the amiable lady; "let us send for him in." To express a wish, and have it gratified, were the same thing to Mrs. D——, and in a few minutes the veteran tar stood before them. "Would you wish to hear a tale of woe?" cried the old man, in answer to her request. "Ah, no! why should your tender heart be wounded by another's griefs? I have been buffetted by the storms of affliction—I have struggled against the billows of adversity—every wave of sorrow has rolled over me; but," added he, while a glow of conscious integrity suffused his furrowed cheek, "I have always done my duty; and that conviction has buoyed me up when nearly overwhelmed in the ocean of distress. Yet, lady, it was not always thus: I have been happy; was esteemed, and, as I thought, beloved. I had a friend, in whom I reposed the highest confidence, and my affections were devoted to one;—but, she is gone—she is gone! and I—Yes! we shall meet again:"—here he paused, dashed a tear from his eye, and then proceeded:—"My friend was faithless; he robbed me of the dearest treasure of my heart, and blasted every hope of future happiness. I left my native land to serve my country; have fought her battles, and bled in her defence. On the 29th of May, and glorious 1st of June, 1794, I served on board the Queen Charlotte, under gallant Howe, and was severely wounded in the breast—but I did my duty. On that memorable occasion, a circumstance occurred which added to my bitterness and melancholy. The decks were cleared, the guns cast loose, and every man stood in eager expectation at his quarters. It is an awful moment, lady, and various conflicting emotions agitate the breast when, in the calm stillness that reigns fore and aft, the mind looks back upon the past, and contemplates the future. Home, wife, children, and every tender remembrance rush upon the soul. It is different in the heat of action: then every faculty is employed for conquest, that each man may have to say, 'I have done my duty.' But when bearing down to engage, and silence is so profound that every whisper may be heard, then their state of mind—it cannot be described. Sailors know what is, and conquering it by cool determination and undaunted bravery, nobly do their duty. I was stationed at the starboard side of the quarter-deck, and looked around me with feelings incident to human nature, yet wishing for, and courting, death. The admiral, with calm composure, surrounded by his captains and signal officers, stood upon the beak of the poop, while brave Bowen, the master, occupied the ladder, and gave directions to the quarter-master at the helm. The enemy opened their fire; and the captains of the guns stood ready with their matches in their hands, waiting for the word. The work of destruction commenced, and many of our shipmates lay bleeding on the deck; but not a shot had we returned. 'Stand by, there, upon the main-deck,' cried the first lieutenant. 'Steady, my men! Wait for command; and don't throw your fire away!' 'All ready, Sir,' was responded fore and aft. At this moment a seaman advanced upon the quarter-deck, attended by a young lad (one of the fore-top men) whose pale face and quivering lip betrayed the tremulous agitation of fear. The lieutenant gazed at him for a few seconds with marked contempt and indignation; but all stood silent. The officer turned towards the admiral, and on again looking round, perceived that the lad had fainted, and lay lifeless in the seaman's arms, who gazed upon the bloodless countenance of his charge with a look of anguish and despair. 'Carry him below,' said the lieutenant, 'and let him skulk from his duty; this day must be a day of glory!' The poor fellow seemed unconscious that he was spoken to, but still continued to gaze upon the lad. The officer beckoned to a couple of men, who immediately advanced, and were about to execute his orders, when the seaman put them back with his hand, exclaiming, 'No! *she* is mine, and we will live or die together!' Oh! lady, what a scene was that! The frown quitted the lieutenant's brow, and a tear trembled in his eye. The generous Howe and his brave companions gathered round, and there was not a heart that did not feel what it was to be beloved. Yes! mine alone was dreary, like the lightning blasted wreck. We were rapidly approaching the French Admiral's ship, the Montague: the main decks fired, and the lower deck followed the example. The noise brought her to her recollection; she gazed wildly on all, and then clinging closer to her lover, sought relief in tears. 'T——,' said his Lordship, mildly, 'this must not be—Go, go, my lad; see her safe in the cockpit, and then I know that you will do your duty.' A smile of animation lighted up his agitated face. 'I will! I will!' cried he; 'God bless your Lordship, I will! for I have *always* done my duty:' and taking his trembling burden in his arms, supported her to a place of safety. In a few minutes he was again at his gun, and assisted in pouring the first raking broadside into our opponent's stern. Since that time I have served in most of the general actions; and knelt by the side of the hero Nelson, when he resigned himself to the arms of death. But, whether stationed upon deck amidst the blood and slaughter of battle, the shrieks of the wounded, and groans of the dying,—or clinging to the shrouds during the tempestuous howling of the storm, while the wild waves were beating over me—whether coasting along the luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean, or surrounded by ice-bergs in the Polar Sea,—one thought, one feeling possessed my soul, and that was devoted to the being I adored. Years rolled away; but that deep, strong, deathless passion, distance could not subdue, nor old age founder. 'Tis now about seven years since the British troops under Wellington were landed on the Continent. I was employed with a party of seamen on shore in transporting the artillery and erecting batteries. A body of the French attacked one of our detachments, and, after considerable slaughter on both sides, the enemy were compelled to retreat. We were ordered to the field to bring in the wounded and prisoners. Never, never shall I forget that day: the remembrance even now unmans me. Oh, lady! forgive these tears, and pity the anguish of an old man's heart. Day had just began to dawn when we arrived upon the plain, and commenced our search among the bodies, to see if there were any who yet remained lingering in existence. Passing by and over heaps of dead, my progress was suddenly arrested, and every fibre of my heart was raked, on seeing a female sitting by the mangled remains of an English soldier. She was crouched upon the ground, her face resting on her lap, and every feature hid from view. Her long black hair hung in dishevelled flakes about her shoulders, and her garments closed round her person, heavy with the cold night-rains; one hand clasped that of the dead soldier, the other arm was thrown around his head. Every feeling of my soul was roused to exertion—I approached—she raised herself her up, and—and—great Heaven! 'twas she—the woman whom I loved! She gazed with sickly horror; and, though greatly altered—though time and sorrow had chased away the bloom of health—though scarce a trace of former beauty remained, those features were too deeply engraven on my memory for me to be mistaken; but she knew me not. I forgot all my wrongs, and rushing forward, clasped her to my breast. Oh! what a moment was that! She made an ineffectual struggle for release, and then fainted in my arms. Some of my shipmates came to the spot, and, turning over the lifeless form before us, my eyes rested on the countenance of him who had once been my friend. But death disarms resentment; he was beyond my vengeance, and had already been summoned to the tribunal of the Most High. When I had last seen them, affluence, prosperity, and happiness were the portion of us all. Now—but I cannot, cannot repeat the distressing tale; let it suffice, lady, that she was carried to a place of safety, and every effort used to restore animation, in which we were eventually successful. How shall I describe our meeting, when she recognised me?—it is impossible; I feel it now in every nerve, but to tell you is beyond my power. Through the kindness of a generous officer, I procured her a passage to England, and gave her all that I possessed, with this one request, that she would remain at Plymouth till my return to port. In a few months afterwards we anchored in the Sound, and, as soon as duty would permit, I hastened to obtain leave to go on shore: it was denied me; yes, cruelly denied me. Stung to madness, I did not hesitate; but as soon as night had closed in, slipped down the cable, and swam to land. With eager expectation I hurried to the house in which I had requested her to remain. I crossed the threshhold unobserved, for all was silent as the grave, and gently ascended the stairs. The room door was partly open, and a faint light glimmered on the table. The curtains of the bed were undrawn, and there—there lay gasping in the last convulsive agonies of nature. Oh! lady, she was dying! I rushed into the room, threw myself by her side, and implored her to live for me. She knew me—yes, she knew me; but at that very instant an officer with an armed party entered the apartment. They had watched me, and I was arrested as a deserter:—arrested, did I say? Ay! but not till I had stretched one of the insulting rascals at my feet. I was handcuffed, and bayonets were pointed at my breast. Vain was every entreaty for one hour, only one hour. The dying woman raised herself upon her pillow; she stretched forth her hand to mine, manacled as they were; she fell back, and Emma—yes, my Emma, was no more. Despair, rage, fury, worked up the fiends within my soul! I struggled to burst my fetters, dashed them at all who approached me; but, overcome at length, was borne to the common gaol. I was tried for desertion, and, on account of my resistance, was flogged through the fleet. I had acted improperly as a seaman, but I had done my duty as a man. It was not my intention to desert my ship, but my feelings overpowered me, and I obeyed their dictates. Yet now I felt indignant at my punishment, and took the first opportunity to escape; but whither could I go? There was no protection for me. One visit, one lonely visit was paid to the grave of her who was now at rest for ever; and I again entered on board the ——, bound to the West India station. I fought in several actions, and lost my arm. But the R* for desertion was still against my name, and though I obtained a pension for my wound, I could obtain none for servitude. I cannot apply to the friends of my youth, for they believe me dead; and who would credit the assertions of a broken-hearted sailor? No, no: a few short months, and the voyage of life will be over; then will old Will Jennings be laid in peace by the side of Emma Wentworth, and wait for the last great muster before Him who searches all hearts, and rewards those sea-

* Founded on facts which actually occurred in Devonshire, a short time after the peace of 1815.

men who have done their duty." Here he ceased, while D—— turned to his wife, whose loud sobs gave witness to the sympathy of her heart; but the agony increased to hysteric convulsions, she sprang hastily on her feet, shrieked—"'Tis he! 'tis William! 'tis my uncle!" and fell upon his neck!

CONTINENTAL ADVENTURES.

A NOVEL.

This book is said to be from the pen of the authoress of Rome in the Nineteenth Century, one of the cleverest and most amusing books of travels. This novel is either by the same accomplished authoress, or worthy of her; it possesses the same talent of picturesque description, and the same truth and liveliness of narration. The plan is somewhat different—in tone and sentiment not at all resembling the *Corinne* of Madame de Stael, but it is similar in its attempt to combine the incidents of a novel with sketches of foreign scenery and manners. We have seldom seen the *novel* part performed with more ability, the descriptive portion as rarely, and the combination certainly never so well managed. For the truth of most of the descriptions we can answer, and as to their intelligibility—a very rare thing—any reader will be able to satisfy himself. The story is not very much out of the usual path; the characters are, however, distinctly drawn out, and some of the dialogues carried on with much wit and spirit. We shall not make any quotations from the descriptions of scenery, for the whole ought to be taken together; of Swiss manners some very fair and very true observations are made.—*Atlas.*

Certainly, going from France into Switzerland, is like passing through purgatory to get to paradise. And Switzerland is an earthly paradise. The majestic trees, the verdant fields, the blooming inclosures, the deep blue waters of the wide expanded lake, its richly cultivated shores, with picturesque cottages, cheerful country houses, sweet villages and hamlets reposing on its banks;—the woods, the rocks, the half-seen opening valleys, the lofty mountains, the Alps in all the majesty of nature, the hoary summit of Mont Blanc, crowned with its eternal snows—No! vainly should I seek to give you an idea of this land of surpassing beauty!—All that is lovely, romantic, glorious, and sublime in the works of nature, are combined in these scenes of varied enchantment!

Nothing can be more animated than the scenery of Switzerland. The whole country is overspread with rural habitations. Here you see the wealthy substantial farmhouse, compactly built of wood, with its steep projecting roof, covered with wooden shingles, secured with poles and stones—unpainted, but well varnished with its own native brown coat of exuded resin; perchance carved over with quaint texts of scripture, and always sheltered under venerable umbrageous walnut trees, from the fruit of which the peasants extract their oil. Turn aside, and there, in a deep pastoral valley, at the base of some beetling mountain, which seems to threaten its humble roof with the terrific avalanche—stands a sweet lowly cottage, filled with busy inmates, and surrounded with every appearance of rural labour and contentment. High above, perched on some aërial summit, accessible only to the shepherd and the chamois, you behold the Alpine Chalet, or mountain dairy, tenanted only in summer, while the cows are grazing on the hills.

All the Swiss passionately love the country. Every gentleman has a *campagne*, or country house, in which he spends the whole summer, and generally indeed the greatest part of the year; and though, perhaps, not always in the best taste, these Swiss *campagnes* have an air of habitation, of neatness, cheerfulness, and happiness about them, which form a striking contrast to the *triste*, miserable, dilapidated, and deserted chateaux of France.

In fact, to the French, Paris alone is enjoyment—the country is a desert. They live only in a crowd, and in public—they delight in show and dissipation—their great study is effect—and their superlative felicity consists in attracting admiration and making a sensation. Now this can only be done amongst strangers—consequently the French labour more to please the world, that is, the mass of their acquaintance; the Swiss live more for their families and friends. The Swiss are far more domestic and retired in their habits, and more attached to all the pursuits and pleasures which make home happy. They are far more like the English. They are fond of gardening, and walking, and riding—of reading, and drawing, and music—of study, and science, and literature.

The Swiss women are generally well educated and well informed, and by no means display that excessive personal vanity and passionate love of dress and admiration, which characterize the French. Need I say that they are much more moral in their conduct.

* * * * * *

Perhaps you would like to know something of the minutiæ of our daily life, as it passes with our amiable Swiss friends, the Delemonts. We breakfast alone, for the family hour of breakfast is much too early for Colonel and Mrs. Cleveland; and indeed with the Swiss, like the French, breakfast is a very slight affair, consisting of little more than a cup of coffee, and is scarcely considered as a meal. All the morning the mistress of the house is sedulously employed in attending to her domestic concerns, and in superintending the education of her daughters. We dine at three, a late hour for this country; coffee immediately succeeds; and after a little lively talk, the party usually disperse—some to amusements, some to study or employment. In the evening we take a walk, and always prolong it till the last golden hues of sunset have faded behind the mountains. At night we all assemble to tea, or rather to the *goûter*, as the evening repast is called, which consists of a sort of mixture of tea and light supper. Bread, butter, and cakes of various kinds, sweetmeats, pastry, ripe fruit, and confectionary, overspread the tea-table; and a very pleasant banquet it invariably proves. The family circle is almost always unexpectedly enlarged at this re-union, by some friends dropping in; for the Swiss, and indeed all foreigners, very sensibly make their calls upon each other in the evening, instead of breaking in upon the pursuits of the morning, like the English, to the mutual annoyance of the visitor and the visited. After the tea-table is cleared, the party amuse themselves with needle-work, music, conversation, chess, &c. as they please, and separate at the hour of repose.

Of the lively dialogue the following conversation on the sex of angels may give a sufficient idea.

After service I accompanied the Prior, who is passionately fond of music, into the organ gallery, where, at his earnest request, I played and sung an anthem, and some sacred music. I found on leaving it, that Mr. Lindsay, and lastly Mr. Heathcote, had been my auditors, the sounds of the organ guiding them to the church on descending to the refectory. Mr. Lindsay expressed his surprise that he had never heard me sing or play in any of the musical parties in which we have met in London. I could not help laughing, and asked him 'if he had ever thought upon any of those occasions that he had not had enough of music!'

'Enough—too much!—to perfect satiety of such mechanical performances as one is doomed to hear for ever in those assemblies, where every fair executor is emulously labouring to execute something so difficult, that, as Dr. Johnson said, one is sorry it is not impossible: but of music—real music—music which speaks to the soul, I can never have enough. How can you answer it to your conscience, to rob the world of the exquisite enjoyment of hearing you sing?'

'If you think it is *exquisite*,' I said, laughing, 'it is because you hear it in this lofty church, and feel that you are listening to it in the convent of St. Bernard, on the summit of the Alps! If you had heard it in a London drawing-room, you would have thought it just as tiresome as any of the music of which you complain so feelingly.'

'Impossible!—do not traduce my taste and discrimination so much!—I should not be capable of feeling the heavenly enjoyment of true music if I could, in any situation, mistake what I have just heard for that laboured, tortured, artificial system of sounds that passes for music.'

'Music *is* indeed a heavenly enjoyment,' I replied. 'It is the only thing on earth which even the imaginations of men have deemed worthy of having a place in heaven.'

Mr. Lindsay looked at me as if struck with the remark; at last he said, very seriously, 'Yes, Miss St. Clair, there *is* one other thing on earth which the imaginations of men have placed in heaven—and without which there would be no heaven for us.'

'What do you mean?'

'Woman! with whose enchanting form alone our imagination peoples heaven.'

'That is very flattering to us, indeed,' I said, laughing—'but are there no men there?'

'Why, no—I never fancy any men there—I suppose men are converted into women before they can be admitted into heaven!'

'Heaven keep me away from it then, I say!' exclaimed Mr. Heathcote—'I beg to decline that transformation.'

'But don't you fancy heaven full of angels of light, and cherubim and seraphim?' I inquired.

'As to cherubim, I always fancy them little rosy chubby children, flying about in the air; and as to seraphim, I have no very clear idea about them—except that they are dressed in blue, and blowing trumpets.'

'Like huzzars,' said Mr. Heathcote.

'And as for angels,' continued Mr. Lindsay—not heeding him—'with thousands and ten thousands of which the grand empyreal vault of heaven is peopled; when we try to figure angels—our fancy only represents women—or rather some one woman—some being whose form and countenance realizes all that our fondest fancy can paint of heaven.'

'O Lord! Lord!' exclaimed Mr. Heathcote—'what stuff!"

'Acknowledge its truth, Heathcote! you yourself, even you—rugged of soul as you are—must acknowledge that when you fancy angels, it is in the form of women.'

'Well, if it is; all the evils and mischief in *this* world are caused by women, so it is but fair they should make some amends for it in the other.'

'You wretch! you monster!' exclaimed Mr. Lindsay, 'do *you* dare to villify woman? do you presume to breathe a syllable against the power and purity of that benignant being who has civilized the world, and humanized man? Do not you allow that her blessed influence alone'—

'Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros?'

But you are not worth notice.'

Then turning from him he said very seriously to me, 'Now, Miss St. Clair, there is one thing which I am anxious to know, and which you can tell me, and I think you will tell me truly.' He seemed to expect an answer.

'Certainly; *if* I tell you, I will tell you truly.'

'I am sure of that—but I want you to promise to tell me.'

'Why, if you are so anxious I should promise beforehand, it must be because you think if I knew what it was, I would not tell you, so I think it will be most prudent not to promise, till you tell me what it is.'

'I want to know, whether, when women fancy what angels are like, they fancy them like men.'

'To be sure they do, you simpleton!' said Mr. Heathcote.

'Be quiet, Heathcote!'

'Let me consider; what *do* I fancy angels like? Not like a man, certainly—far fairer—and softer—and more slender—and more beautiful—and far more graceful, too—very unlike a man—I cannot fancy a man an angel at all.'

'Then you fancy them like women, too,' said Mr. Lindsay—'with all the softness, and beauty, and delicacy, and purity of your sex.'

'No, not exactly like women either—though more like women than men; but something more beautiful, and far more etherial.'

'I can fancy nothing more beautiful—more enchanting! I fancy angels with the same form—the same grace—the same heavenly expression—the same soft blue eyes—the same curling hair'—

'And the same petticoats,' said Heathcote.

'No—not the *same* petticoats,' said Mr. Lindsay, joining in our laugh—'far shorter'—

'And more transparent, I suppose'—said Mr. Heathcote.

'Suppose,' said I, 'we leave the angels for the monks—and go to breakfast, for I rather think they are waiting for us.'

'To breakfast, with what appetite we may'—repeated Mr. Lindsay, mechanically, as if he was thinking of something else.

'My appetite, I know, is very good,' said Mr. Heathcote, as we went into the refectory.

[To be continued.]

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[From the Liverpool Courier.]

Barometer, at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Sept.									
13	29 85	53	0	60	0	65	0	W.S.W.	Fair.
14	29 74	54	0	56	0	61¼	0	N.W.	Cloudy.
15	30 19	48	0	53	0	61	0	N.	Fair.
16	29 91	47	0	53	0	62	0	N.W.	Fair.
17	29 74	48¼	0	56	0	63¼	0	S.E.	Fair.
18	29 76	49	0	58	0	66	0	E.N.E.	Fair.
19	29 78	51¼	0	58	0	65¼	0	E.	Rain.

ERRATUM.—In our last, for extreme heat on the 12th, "56½," read "66½."
19th,—Stormy during night.

Poetry.

LYRA GERMANICA,

OR SPECIMEN OF THE GERMAN LYRIC POETS.

No. VIII.

PLEASURE.

[FROM GOETHE.]

Circling the fount is seen
An ever changing fly;
Long has it pleased my eye
My admiration won,
Now dark, now bright,
Like the chameleon,
Now red, now green,
Now green, now blue;
Oh that I nearer might
Observe each splendid hue!

Ceaseless it wheels its droning flight:
But soft! on yonder willow see it light!
And now 'tis mine! 'tis mine to view
Its varying beauties all at leisure.
But, lo! one dark and mournful blue!
So is't with thee, dissector of each pleasure.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE DOG DAYS.

Some poets have written in praise
Of ale, and its virtues display'd;
And, in truth, in December's dull days,
John Barley 's a social blade.

Whilst others, by spirits inspir'd,
Have sung lo paan for gin twist,
Or the pure potent liquified fire
Which Erin's sons brew as they list.

The orchards' sweet produce has cast
A charm o'er the brightest of strains;
And thy fame, O Siluria! shall last,
While the verse of thy Phillips remains.

In praise of the grapes' generous juice
Some numbers the scriptures impart,
Where David declareth its use
To lighten and gladden the heart.

Of water the virtue we've heard,
But never yet heard it in rhyme;
He who the pump's produce preferr'd
Could ne'er be a son of the Nine.

One liquor (and that, too, the best)
Unsung, in oblivion remains;
But come, gentle lyre, from thy rest,
Let me waken anew all thy strains.

Unworthy the hand to the theme;
But "Rome was not built in a day:"
I but sip at the Castalian stream,
And let him do better who may.

Then hail to thee! brisk ginger beer,
Be thou the chief theme of my song:
'Tis thine the flagg'd spirits to cheer;
By thee we move merr'ly along.

No inebriating pow'rs are thine,
To cloud the fine works of the brain;
But wit more resplendent doth shine
As we quaff thee again and again.

When Sirius, with potent heat, reigns,
To the shades, from his fervour, we flee;
And, leaving hot Port and Champagnes
Seek coolness, and find it in thee.

Say, ye who are destined to roam
At noon through each alley and street,
How grateful the white mantling foam,
Which rises the parch'd lip to meet.

Cheap liquor, be this thy chief boast,
The poor of thy virtues partake;
And gain, for a trifle, at most,
A nectar the gods could ne'er make.

For Ganymede, were he on earth,
And had but one penny to spare;
In thee would expend its full worth,
Ere he left for the regions of air.

Much more could I sing in thy praise,
"But enough is as good as a feast;"
And the *Kaly*, not fond of long lays,
Will say I am prosing, at least.

But be not severe, Master K,
Though your patience I put to the test;
And if e'er through your Lord-street I stray,
Pray proffer a glass of your best
Salford. GINGER BEER.

AN OBLIGING EPISTLE,

A loose versification of the dunning letter in the last Kaleidoscope.

SIR,

To avoid all proceedings unpleasant,
I beg you will pay what is due;
If you do, you'll OBLIGE *me* at present;
If you don't, then I must OBLIGE *you*.

FAG.

PAUL PRY.

Liston had an overflowing house, on the occasion of his benefit at the Haymarket, the other evening. The chief attraction was not the performance of that excellent comedy, "The Hypocrite," nor the singing of "Buy a Broom," by Madame Vestris, in blue stockings and short petticoats; but a promised address by Liston, in the character of *Paul Pry*, in which he was to animadvert upon the inconveniences of popularity, arising from the manner in which he had been brought upon the stage. After the comedy, the curtain rose to a shout of old women, boys, and "such small deer" who were following *Paul Pry* and hallooing his name, and Liston entered upon the stage, as if seeking a refuge.

Where shall I go? However, my fine fellow,
I gave you a good knock with my umbrella.
[Putting it down at the side.
Upon my word, they are extremely rude.
Ah! how d'ye do? I hope I don't intrude.
I only walk ten yards along the street
And every body knows me that I meet.
Here, I behold some friends—yes, you and you,
I'm glad to see you, ay, and smoking too.
How can you come here this d—d sultry weather?
I've seen your face here for three nights together.
[Pointing to one in the Pit.
A joke's a joke, but sure 'tis time to stop
When I'm expos'd in every dirty shop.
I'm quite a by-word; as I walk they cry,
"Look! Jack, Tom, Dick, there goes old Paul, Paul Pry."
They show me off in every form and way,
In paper, pewter, plaster, brass and clay;
In tea-pot, milk-pot, *other* pot and jug,
They even make me out an *ugly mug*:
When Christmas comes, I dare say, for my sake,
They'll set me skaiting on an iced Twelfth-cake,
And little boys and girls, no doubt, will eat me,
Like cannibals. This is the way they treat me!
It is too bad—I almost choke with rage
To think they've really brought me on the stage;
Poor, harmless, friendless, inoffensive I,
The most pains-taking, most ill-us'd *Paul Pry*.
I only wish that I could lay my fist on
That player-rogue—I think they call him LISTON—
I'd have the satisfaction I insist on.
The manager, no doubt's as glad as any;
'Twixt you and me he makes a pretty penny
By making me a public laughing stock,
I only wish I could give him a knock!
But that's his business, and not mine, you'll say;
That's true—how much do you suppose now? eh!
That's not the only *stage* on which I figure,
In golden characters, and few are bigger;
My name is seen upon the various coaches
Of this metropolis and its approaches;
At least five times a day, I tell no lie,
They ride to Paddington on poor Paul Pry.
It is quite grievous, when with so much pain—
However, I will never do't again,
I'll take my solemn oath upon the Bible!
Stay,—shall I bring an action for a libel?
No, no; 'tis better to put up with these
Than to pay lawyers heavy sums for fees
To end the case exactly as they please.
If I resolved to take the thing in snuff,
With all my foes I should find work enough.
Talking of snuff reminds me in this place,
On every box I'm made to show my face;
Ay, and my figure also, every inch,
With "Hope I don't intrude—pray take a pinch."
The sweeps' black heads, that through the pots protrude
Cry also "Sweep! I hope I don't intrude."
As I walk through the markets people bellow,
"Stop, Mr. Pry—remember your umbrella!"
But I can't stay, for you must understand
I have a deal of business upon hand,
As is most commonly the case, 'tis true,
With us who've nothing in the world to do.
So now good night, I'm much obliged, and why?
I once was *poor*, and now I'm *rich Paul Pry*.
Farewell kind friends [coming back]—I'm such a careless fellow,
I nearly had forgotten my umbrella.

This attempt was received by a good humoured audience perhaps with more laughter than it deserved; and they enjoyed it so much, that they called upon Liston to go over it again, which he did with some reluctance, aware, probably, that it would not so well bear repetition, and that it was never intended to be submitted to that test.

Criticism.

THE SCOTCH NOVELS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The criticisms which you quote from Landor, upon these novels, are all upon the Scoticisms, or modes of expression which almost invariably attend Scotch writers. There are a few, indeed, who are free of them:—Hume, Blair, Robertson, &c.

If Sir Walter Scott be the author, of which I have no doubt, from a particular circumstance known to me, it is not surprising that such abound in his works; for, independent of the medium state of society in which the worthy Baronet was bred, the official place he has held for many years exposes him constantly, not only to verbal modes of such expressions, but to written ones, as all the papers in the court are full of the most gross errors of the English language. The introducing of Scoticisms into English may, perhaps, be vindicated upon the same principle as an American (high in the rank of literature in that country) did to a late English Ambassador, who, in a familiar conversation on language, said, the American expressions are often *not English*; then, pointing out *progressing*, *lengthy*, &c. the American replied, "Oh! these are not intended to be English; they are American." "Then where is your grammar?" was the reply; to which the American could say nothing. The familiar Scotch mode of expression, which runs through all classes in that country, is the fundamental cause of these errors; for the nobleman and the philosopher speak in the same expressions as the barber and the porter, in general conversation. The origin of this is beautifully portrayed in the state of Scotland at a particular era, by the late Dr. Currie, in his edition of Burns's works. When the late Lord Loughborough was at the Scots bar, it was said that he was remarkable for Scoticisms, so that, in "spinning a point of law," he was sometimes unintelligible to the Bench. He was advised by his particular friends to go to England to

study. He did so; and, I believe, placed himself under the tuition of the late David Garrick.

Yours, &c. FLITTER.

The following is the paragraph alluded to by our correspondent:—

We have copied the following paragraph for the purpose of appending a note to it:—"The study of language has become of late years greatly more extensive and more profound than formerly; and it would be difficult to point out any English work, excepting certain famous novels, remarkably defective in that particular. I do not attempt to conjecture who is the author of them; but he is evidently a person who in his youth and early manhood was without the advantages of literary, or polished, or very decorous society. It is remarkable, that the most popular works of our age, after Lord Byron's, are certainly less elegant in style than any of any age whatever. I have perused no volume of them in which there are not, at the lowest computation, twenty gross vulgarisms, or grosser violations of grammar, and in places where the character did not require nor authorize them. Sometimes a sentence holds them, like Fox's placemen, three in a bed; and occasionally a single and a short member of one contains a couple. For instance: "But I *will* doubtless find some English person, *at* whom to make inquiries."—Again: a well-educated gentleman talks of "laughing *consumedly*;" and even the Dean of Faculty says, in *Redgauntlet*, "It was as fine a first *appearance* as I ever *heard*: I should be sorry if your son did not *follow it up* in a reply." Follow up what? his own *first appearance!* which *appearance* was both *heard* and *followed*—by whom? by the *appearer* himself! A few words beyond, "Having thus *taken his ground* to the Dean of Faculty."—I invite the learned to show me in any volume, in any language, the same number of equally great faults within the same space."—*Landor's Imaginary Conversations.*

We do not know who Mr. Landor is, but we think he is rendering a service to the cause of literature by his strictures upon the innumerable inaccuracies to be met with in those novels which are ascribed to Sir Walter Scott. We have long since protested against the slip-slop style in which many of the Scotch novels are written, and we have not hesitated to censure our professional critics and reviewers for having suffered the grossest violations of taste and grammar to pass without rebuke, merely because the works proceeded from the Great Unknown, as he is called. We despise hypercriticism and word-catching as much as any person can do, but we think it disgraceful and unpardonable in any writer who has gained the public ear by his unquestionable talent, to put forth such trash as Mr. Landor has quoted in the preceding paragraph. By the bye, Mr. Landor seems to have caught the slip-slop infection, for we have rarely met with more clumsy phraseology than that which ushers in his criticism upon the Great Unknown. It may be want of taste on our part, but we cannot reconcile such passages as the following to our notions of good writing:—"*Greatly more extensive*"—"*Attempting to conjecture*"—"*Less eloquent in style than* ANY *of* ANY *age whatever*"—*Sometimes a sentence* HOLDS *them* (faults) *like Fox's placemen, three in a bed; and occasionally a single and a short member of* ONE *contains a couple.*"—To judge by this specimen we should suppose Mr. Landor to be a foreigner; but what his vernacular may be we cannot, as he says, even "*attempt to conjecture.*"—*Edit. Kal.*

Sir Walter Scott has, we have heard, sold his house in Edinburgh, the greater part of his furniture, and every thing that could be turned into money. He now lives in lodgings, and works hard. He is writing, as most of our readers know, the Life of Napoleon Bonaparte; and he also writes, we are told, for any periodical publication of which the principles agree with his own, that will reward him adequately. The motives for his industry and economy are very praiseworthy. He has declared that he will pay every farthing he owes; and will not listen to one word of a composition with his creditors. By the sale of his house, and other means, all the persons to whom he stood indebted for a less sum than £50 have been paid; and this distinguished author expects, ere long, to pay all those to whom he is indebted in a larger sum. It is to be wished that many of those who are called honest tradesmen would imitate his example.—*Morning Chronicle.*

Not long since, one of the ushers at Eton, one Sunday evening, had a young gentleman taken into custody for playing at cards, for which he was flogged; while the usher was in the act of flagellation, the culprit gave several kicks and struggles, at which the usher said,—"Ah, Sir, you may shuffle, but I'll cut!"—*Joc.*

A medical gentleman, the other day, observing a lady, in a very ill state of health, stepping out of a post-chaise where a servant was scouring the door-way, politely assisted her, saying,—"Allow me, Madam, to prevent your *kicking the bucket.*"

The Beauties of Chess.

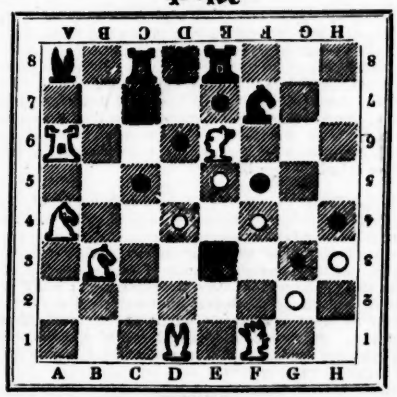
"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

SOLUTION TO GAME CIX.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Queen.....C—4	1 King .....A—5
2 Queen.....C—5	2 Pawn .....C—5
3 Knight ...C—4	3 King B 4 or B 5
4 Castle.....B—6	MATE.

[NO. CX.]

Black.



WHITE.

The white to move, and to give checkmate in seven moves.

THE KNIGHT'S MOVE AT CHESS.

NO. V.

On the construction of a general Diagram on the principles already laid down.

BLACK.

V	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	
8	*p*	10	*n*	17	*t*	12	*l*	13	8
7	*l*	16	*v*	11	*m*	18	*s*	10	7
6	12	*q*	*h*	4	*d*	6	14	*N*	9
5	15	*m*	*A*	7	*g*	3	11	*r*	5
4	*r*	11	1	*e*	5	*c*	*M*	15	4
3	*n*	14	8	*b*	2	*f*	*q*	12	3
2	10	*s*	18	*m*	11	*V*	16	*l*	2
1	13	*l*	12	*T*	17	*n*	10	*p*	1
	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	

WHITE.

It will easily be seen that this diagram consists but of all the former united into one; and the similarity of its component parts having been already explained, it is considered unnecessary here to invert the letters or figures. Proceed we then first to explain its construction, and afterwards to give a few short rules for the formation of others, with a few remarks for the curious on this subject.

The knight commences his march, in this diagram, on the square D 1 (marked *T*) which belongs to the circuit *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *v*, described in No. 3. Beginning at *T*, the circuit must end either at *s* or *V*; but since it has been shown that *V* is the more advantageous position for this purpose, the order of the march becomes *T*, *s*, *r*, *q*, &c. to *V*. Now, according to the rule laid down, viz. that regular figures must be taken alternately, the knight must proceed from *V* into one of the circuits, *l*, *m*, *n*, or 10, 11, 12, described in No. 2, into either of which he can move from *V*. It shall be shown hereafter, that it is immaterial into which he moves, provided he ends in the proper place. But, for the present, let him be allowed to move from *V* to *M*. Beginning the circuit *l*, *m*, *n*, in *M*, it must end in *l* or *N*, and having shown in No. 2, that *n* was better for this purpose, the order of march will be *M*, *l*, *n*, &c. to *N*. According to the rule formerly referred to, the knight must move from *N* to the circuit similar to the first, described in No. 3, which he must enter at 18; and since it is impossible, as has been shown, that the circuit should end at the corner square 13 for beginning at 18, the circuit can only end at 13 or 17; the route necessarily becomes 18, 13, 14, &c. to 17. From this position, as was shown in No. 3 of the corresponding situation *t*, the knight must move into the centre; and the square *h* is chosen for this reason, viz. that as it belongs to the rhombus *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, (see No. 1) it will be less likely to interfere with the covering of the centre of the board, than the square *d*, of the circle *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, to which the knight might have moved from 17. The circumstance of being obliged to omit one of the corners *f* or *h*, 6 or 8, in the covering of the sixteen centre squares, which was proved in No. 1, now becomes of great advantage and importance, as it is absolutely impossible to proceed round the four circuits without once entering the centre of the board. Hence it only remains to arrange that *h* shall be the square to be omitted in the covering of the centre, which may be easily done. From *h* the knight enters the remaining circuit at 11, and ends it at 12; whence he moves into the centre at *A*, and proceeds thus: *A*, *b*, *c*, *d*, the first circle (see No. 1) *e*, *f*, *g* (the incomplete rhombus) *h* having been already covered, which makes it now complete; 1, 2, 3, 4, the remaining circle, and 5, 6, 7, 8, the remaining rhombus, which finishes the tour. It will be seen, that from the 64th square 8, on which the knight ends his march, he can move to *T*, the square from which he set out. This, in the first place, makes the diagram general, as it will now only be necessary to place the knight on any square, and following the order of this diagram, taking care to move from 8 to *T*, he will easily and certainly cover the 64 squares. Secondly, it will be seen why D 1 was chosen as the first square, viz. in order to fulfil the promise of constructing a general diagram according to the principles laid down, (which this, one of many others that might be formed,) will be found to be. And lastly, it will account for the manner of proceeding round the circuit 10, 11, 12, and through the centre, viz. in order to end on the square 8. Other methods might have been used to cover the remaining squares after arriving at *h*, but it would have required some contrivance to make the diagram so end that the knight could move from the last square of his march to the first. One thing remains yet unexplained, viz.: that the knight might proceed from *V* into either of the circuits 10, 11, 12, or *l*, *m*, *n*. Instead of moving from *V* to *M*, he could have moved from *V* to 12; in that case he must have ended the circuit at 11, whence he would have to move to 18, and so on, to *h*; thence to *m*, and ended the circuit at *n*. On entering the centre at 4, he might easily have ended at 8: it would only have been necessary to make *e*, *f*, *g*, or *g*, *f*, *e* the first rhombus. But it is almost impossible to mention the various ways in which a general diagram might have been constructed, as they are almost infinite, and this must be left to the curious on the subject to amuse themselves with. It is rather remarkable in the present diagram, that of the four circuits one begins and ends on each side of the board. In fact, to those who are fond of looking for such things there are many singular and beautiful little properties, which it would be too tedious to mention here. A few general rules for covering the board, naturally deducible from an attentive consideration of the power of the knight in the positions *l* or 10, *m* or 11, *n* or 12, *p* or 13, *q* or 14, *r* or 15, *s* or 16, *t* or 17, *v* or 18, shall now be given, and are as follow, viz.: to make the exterior squares of the board among the first to be covered, and to be careful on commencing a circuit which way the knight proceeds round it, in order that he may end in an advantageous position. Should the given square be in one of the circuits: to be careful how the knight enters the centre, lest he should interfere with the rules laid down for covering the sixteen centre squares. Should the given square be in the centre: to be careful in entering the circuits not to leave incomplete any figure (diagram No. 1) that may not afterwards be completed according to the rules laid down for covering the sixteen centre squares.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I conclude the subject, and have the pleasure to subscribe myself, yours, very respectfully,

W. C.

Biographical Notices.

BRIEF MEMOIR OF LORD GIFFORD.

His Lordship was a native of Exeter. His father was a respectable tradesman, carrying on the grocery business in that city, and died, leaving a large family behind him. The subject of the present memoir, being then very young, the brother of Lord Gifford carried on the business after the death of his father, and thus was enabled to protect and educate his brothers and sisters. The education of Lord Gifford was begun at the Grammar School at Exeter, under the learned, but unfortunate Dr. Halloran, and from his earliest youth the law seems to have engaged the chief attention of his mind; so much so, indeed, that, even whilst yet a schoolboy, it was his habit, when the Judges, in the course of their circuit, came to Exeter, to take his seat in the Court, and remain there till the close of the day's business, and so during the continuance of the Assizes. Having finished his education, he entered on his legal career by being articled to an attorney of his native city, and whilst in this comparatively adverse station, used to complain of the neglect he experienced from his kinsman and relation, the late Sir Vicary Gibbs. In the year 1800, he came to London, and was at that time admitted a member of the Middle Temple, and studied in the office of Mr. Sykes, the present solicitor of the Stamp-office, who was then practising as a special pleader. At this time his age was 21. On the 12th of February, 1808, he was called to the bar. From this time Sir Vicary Gibbs began to notice him, and it was to the patronage and steady affection of this great lawyer, that Lord Gifford owed his first elevation in the legal world; and his own abilities afterwards enabled him to advance his fortunes so far, that he became successively Solicitor and Attorney-General, a Peer of the realm, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and, finally, Master of the Rolls, in which elevated station he has just closed his mortal career. On the 8th of May, 1817, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and in that capacity, on the 16th of May following, was elected Master of the Bench, of the society of which he was a member. In consequence of his appointment to the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he was made a Sergeant on the 16th June, 1824, and from thence was almost immediately advanced to be Master of the Rolls, in consequence of the death of the late Sir Thomas Plumer, whom he succeeded, so that Lord Gifford has not held his office much above two years. Four-and-twenty years have served to raise this gentleman to the highest honours of his profession, and his career, though short, seems to have been one of unexampled splendour. Lord Gifford was only 47 years old when he died, and it seldom falls to the lot of any one to go through the important offices that he has done in the short period of twenty-four years.

On the 28th January, 1826 (while Lord Chief Justice) he was, by letters patent under the great seal ennobled, "by the name, style, and title, of Baron Gifford, of St. Leonard, in the county of Devon," the patent being in favour of himself, "and the heirs of this body lawfully begotten."

At the commencement of the Session of Parliament, 1824, his Lordship was appointed Lord Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, in which character his Lordship, during the three last sessions, devoted himself most assiduously to the hearing of appeals and writs of error, on those days in which the Lord Chancellor was engaged in the duties of the Court of Chancery. This was the result of an arrangement made by the House, in the course of the preceding Session, for accelerating the disposal of a great arrear of causes then in dependence. From a Report made by the Lords' Committee, on 17th June, 1823, it appeared that there were then 151 "Scotch appeals, out of the total number of 225 appeals, remaining unheard;" and, by an arrangement afterwards made, most of the Scotch causes were directed to be heard by Lord Gifford, for which Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays were appropriated; the Lord Chancellor presiding on the two other cause days, viz. Mondays and Thursdays, for English and Irish appeals, and writs of error, as well as occasionally for peerages and divorce bills, &c. the House thus sitting five days, from ten o'clock till four (or thirty hours) in each week, for judicial business.

Lord Gifford was not less strenuous in his exertions to get through the great number of causes before the Privy Council, it being considered as one of the duties of the Master of the Rolls to preside at the hearing of such appeals; and no one that ever before filled that situation, was more regular in attendance at the cockpit.—*London Courier.*

The Housewife.

"Housekeeping and husbandry, if it be good,
Must love one another as cousins in blood:
The wife, too, must husband as well as the man,
Or farewell thy husbandry, do what thou can."

Parsnip Wine.—Wine made from parsnip roots (says Mr. Phillips in his history of cultivated vegetables) approaches nearer to the Malmsey of Madeira and the Canaries than any other wine; it is made with little expense or trouble, and only requires to be kept a few years to make it as agreeable to the palate as it is wholesome to the body; yet fashion induces us to give pounds for foreign wine, when we can obtain excellent wines of our own country for as many shillings. Being in the habit (says a writer in the *Farmer's Journal*) of making a variety of wines, and giving the subject much attention, I willingly bear testimony to the correctness of Mr. Phillips's statement. Parsnip wine surpasses the other home-made wines in the same ratio of excellence that East India Madeira is superior to Cape. To every 4lbs. of parsnips, cleaned and quartered, put one gallon of water; boil them till they are quite tender, drain them through a sieve, but do not bruise them, as no remedy would clear them afterwards. Pour the liquor into a tub, and to each gallon add 3lbs. of loaf sugar, and half an ounce of crude tartar. When cooled to the temperature of 75 degrees, put in a little new yeast; let it stand four days in a warm room, then turn it. The mixture should, if possible, be fermented in a temperature of 60 degrees. September and March are the best seasons for making the wine.—When the fermentation has subsided, bung down the cask, and let the wine stand at least twelve months before bottling.

Scotch Recipe for making Currant Wine.—The following recipe obtained the honorary prize given by the Caledonian Horticultural Society:—For a twenty-pint cask, five one half pints of white currant juice, eleven pints of water, and twenty-eight pounds of sugar, are required. Mix all in a large tub; skim the liquor well; put it in a barrel, and fill up the barrel with water and sugar (one pound of sugar to a pint of water) as long as the liquor ferments. Afterwards add half a bottle of whiskey, then bung up the barrel. It will be ready for bottling by April or May, the ensuing year.

Correspondence.

PHRENOLOGY.

"The most effectual way to check empiricism either of art or of science, is to multiply, as far as possible, the number of those who can observe and judge."—*Alison on Taste.*

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I endeavoured to prove, in my last, that education dispensed with the utility of phrenological protuberances on the skull; and the very lame defence of *A Phrenologist* to invalidate my arguments, by asserting that the organs remain inactive, after the moral discipline of education is applied to the malign propensities of the mind, adds, in my opinion, little credit or stability to his science. As we cannot, in this world, have a better criterion of a man's faculties and propensities than their development by actions, it follows, that if a person have the organs of *destructiveness* and *combativeness* pretty large, but yet whose mind, from his youth upwards, has been meliorated by moral instruction, so as never to have evinced any predilection to either cruelty or quarrelling; I say, that in this case these same bumps are tell-tales—false buoys, to dally with the credulous mariner: we are told, that after the disease is cured, the symptoms remain; but where are such doctrines taught? where are they verified? Is this one of those proofs by which phrenology has a foundation in nature? If so, I tremble for that edifice whose foundation is so sandily encompassed.

This science, or rather pretended science, is foisted on the public credulity, because, forsooth, medical men have given this "airy nothing a local habitation and a name;" as if they were not liable to err and stray from truth and plain common sense, equally as wide as any other set of men. The scientific physiologist—the anatomist, comes forward and reverbs in my ear that I know little of the anatomy of the human body, and, consequently, of the indicative faculties of the mind. On this species of reasoning, I may tell an agriculturist, or a plain, honest husbandman, that he knows nothing of the elements of air and water; that he neither analyzed the properties of the one, nor compared the specific gravity of the other: but dare we so far overrun the boundaries of common sense—so much insult this peasant's understanding, as to assert that he knows not the general effects resulting from these elements? Dare we say that he knows not—feels not—sees not, as plain and effectually as we do, that rain greatly promotes vegetation by the saturation of the earth? that air is essential to our vital existence? Shall we attempt to degrade his reason, by foisting on him ridiculous theories to confound his senses, by specious and futile demonstration, contrary to his experience, his observation, his vigilance? Would not such a person be justly entitled to laugh at our consummate folly—our barefaced effrontery and absolute nonsense? And yet such is the language of the phrenological school: the opponent to specious demonstration, to imposition and enthusiasm, to credulity and folly, is retarded in his career of investigation by—"Sir, you know nothing of the *cerebellum*, (that part of the brain wherein the animal spirits, which perform involuntary and mere natural actions, are supposed to be generated,) that the nerves terminate in certain parts of the brain instead of the spinal marrow,—that the brain itself is a fibrous substance; and so on; therefore, you are not to deny that elevations on the skull are foretelling of the faculties of the mind; that the soul evinces its powers, its faculties, its gradually expanding energies, by bumps on the cranium. This is the manna that is perpetually given to feed the inquirer after the truth of phrenology, as if no person were capable of judging of the progress of the mind, in expanding and enlarging its faculties, and in the general development of its energies, by education, by science and arts, but one who has peeped into the position and structure of the brain." "I would pay more deference to an old country schoolmaster, (says a writer against phrenology,) whose experience and understanding enabled him to trace the gradual but certain development of the mental faculties, from a state of mere infancy, till that of reflection and judgment, than I would to any attempt of Sir Astley Cooper to explain the phenomena of the mind by the dissection of the brain." Many theories, vague and unprofitable, have been foisted on the world by the ardent imaginations of speculators in invention; and, frequently, too, these theories have been of such a nature, as to tend to confirm man of the nonentity of his senses, and make the very testimonies of his experience merely chimerical.* But theories are the children of cateress after novelty, and mere speculative absurdity, fostered by the pride, not the utility of science; and palmed on a credulous public by the vain-glory of philosophical research, and not by the humility of a judicious and useful investigation: thus an audacious attempt is too frequently made to sap the foundations of common sense, by substituting in its stead the gilded pageantry of dazzling novelty.

It is an extraordinary feature in phrenology that it discovers not only the tenor of individual dispositions generally, but particularly those propensities and sentiments which a person possesses most ardently; but if by moral tuition a propensity is wholly subdued, and the malign bump remains, does not this lead a subsequent phrenologist into a dilemma, as he must pronounce according to the symptom, not knowing what ameliorating effects have been produced in the patient by education? Is this a stumbling-block, or merely a footstool, which a phrenologist can easily put aside?—Bumps, no doubt, have been discerned and felt on the craniums of some persons, corresponding in a certain degree (at least, supposed to do so) with arts and sciences in which the owners excelled; but Pericles, sirnamed Onionhead, on account of the malformation of his caput, is an extraordinary exception to any phrenological rule. Nero, in his youth, was remark-

* I need only allude to the strange metaphysical subtilty of my Lord of Cloyne, Bishop Berkley.

ably mild, and evinced not the organic construction of his cruel mind till manhood. Query, was the bump of "destructiveness" inert or wholly obliterated during the humane years of the Emperor? If so great a reciprocity and mutual dependence exist between certain exterior tumefactions and the mental energies of the mind, is it not natural to suppose that a depression of the one should produce a corresponding compression of the other? If not, why is a bump necessary to the manifestation of any particular intellectual excellency? The plain, honest truth is, that any one who has paid the least attention to the progress of his own or any other person's mind, perceives that bumps or protrusions on the caput have no more to do with the seat of reflection, thought, and judgment, than the shell of a nut displays, by its shape, the quality of its kernel.

Your correspondent *A Phrenologist* will please to consider that his analogous case, "if a child is never taught to walk, nor allowed to use or exercise its legs, they would never grow as they would with exercise," is better expressed by Locke;* but how the legs of a child can be analogically compared with the intellectual faculties of the mind of man I cannot well perceive, and must confess that all those illustrious characters who have attempted to explain the phenomena of the mind are thrown into the shade by the new species of logic employed by *A Phrenologist*: bumps on the head are compared to the necessary limbs of the body, and the limbs to the moral influence of education on the mind! *This out-herods Herod*, it outbeggars description, and tears the syllogistical reasoning of Seneca himself to very rags. The Roman moralist says, the passions alter the features of the body, therefore the passions are corporeal: the virtues act by contact with the body, courage impels, moderation restrains; therefore the virtues are mechanism, and mechanism is the body; and so on. But I find my opponent's analogy is introduced by the author of the "Illustrations of Phrenology," alluded to by *Amicus Justitiæ*:—"A little child (says he) does not manifest mental powers equal to that displayed when the head arrives at its mature size:" who ever asserted the contrary? a boy at twelve cannot reason as correctly as he can at forty:—what a fund of arguments these bumpologists bring forward!

But the author alluded to has been very sanguine in his anticipation of a *phrenological reformation* in all human polity, arts, sciences, language, morals, physic, &c. for he declares, in all the exultation of a pleasing dreamer, that "the legitimate objects of phrenological science, *after* it has unfolded the true philosophy of the human mind, are improvements in criminal legislation, in education, and the treatment of insanity. The benefits which phrenology, *ere long*, is likely to confer on the human race, appear to be incalculably great. We may be considered as too sanguine in our hopes, and we are willing that this should be our apology for attempting to assist in multiplying the numbers of those who can observe and judge for themselves." This, Mr. Editor, is the language of Sir G. S. Mackenzie, a literary character and a man of science; and I entertain not the least doubt but that every reader of the *Kaleidoscope* will most readily subscribe to Sir George's assertion, namely, that "*after*" phrenology has discovered the true philosophy of the mind, it will be productive of great benefits to our criminal codes and civil jurisprudence; in educal avocations and scientific researches; but not *till* it has discovered the true philosophy of the mind! Very true, indeed—not till then!

Surely a phrenologist cannot suppose it any ridicule cast on his science, that, hereafter, it should be made subservient to the recruiting of brave and hardy fellows for our army and navy, as mentioned by your correspondent *Amicus*;—brave "fighting bobs," with the organ of combativeness on their caput as large as a common plum,—fellows who would man "our wooden walls," and fill our honourable corps. This may take place about the era in which a railroad is made to the moon, and the perpetual motion discovered.—If I can be informed of any, the least, good which phrenology has conferred, on either individuals or society in general, within these dozen years, I shall immediately become a convert to its truth. [illegible] than I hold it *vox preterea nil*.

L.

* See his Essays,—article "Practice and Habits."

Alexander M'Keand.—The body of Alexander M'Keand was brought to our Infirmary on Wednesday night. It bears no marks of emaciation, the limbs being remarkably muscular and full. Previously to the arrival of the body, a good deal of curiosity prevailed as to the phrenological development. It will be recollected, that when Farraday took the brothers into custody, notwithstanding the excessive exhaustion occasioned by long travelling and want of food, they made a desperate resistance. We copy from our paper of the 3d June, an account of their condition when overtaken by Farraday:—"They were in the most distressed state imaginable; the soles of their shoes were completely worn off, and their feet were covered with blisters; they were nearly famishing, and they had not a penny in their pockets. It was literally impossible that they could have gone on much further. They were outcasts upon the earth; a price was set upon their heads; and at every turn they saw their names attached to 'horrible murder;' the precise description of their persons, and the reward offered for their apprehension." In this distressed condition they made a desperate resistance, and Alexander overcame the two men to whom Farraday had committed him. Their first thought was resistance, and they fought with an energy which was astonishing in exhausted and starving men. Their combativeness was here strikingly manifest; and, still more, when locked up, the wretched brothers fought! But, when secured in Lancaster Castle, their demeanour was wonderfully changed. They called for Bibles;—during their confinement they were intent on reading them; and Alexander spent much of his time in devotional exercises. This was a curious change. No one could have expected this demeanour from men so seemingly desperate. A friend of ours, an ardent phrenologist, talking on the subject, said he could almost venture the truth of the science on the fact that, in addition to *combativeness*, these men had *veneration* highly developed. It was a hazardous anticipation of the probable craniological development; but the body of Alexander arrived—the body of him whose conduct seemed the most atrocious, and whose behaviour in prison seemed the most penitential; and, on examination of the head, the anticipation of our friend was completely realized. The combative and destructive organs were found to be full; while, at the same time, that which denotes veneration, or, more accurately, respectfulness, was found to be remarkably rominent.—*Manchester Gazette of last month.*

NEW SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I do not dispute your privilege as a journalist, although I cannot reconcile the exercise of that privilege, in the present instance, with my notions of the spirit and impartiality of fair criticism.

The industry of my publisher has at length put me in possession of "The English Pythagoras." From your representation of the analogy between the system therein developed and that which I have produced, I was led to anticipate some very singular coincidences; but, upon examination, I find that the reverse is the case. In each system there are upwards of thirty characters, yet there are only three instances of coincidence, which occur in the modes of representing the stave, the sharp, and the flat. You tell your readers that Mr. Dibdin uses commas, colons, semicolons, &c. and you leave them to conclude that I use the same characters for the same purposes. Where there is really a coincidence, you are not contented with being more particular, but you have recourse to the aid of an "and so forth;" and you even find a coincidence in "Mr. Dibdin's writing his music, too, not on the five-line staff, but in one line." By a parity of reasoning, you may identify any two works which treat of the same subject, although the one may never have been seen by the author of the other. Here are two books whose subject is the same: you find that in both, "commas, colons, semicolons, &c." are used; as also "letters, figures" "and so forth;" *ergo*, the one book is a plagiarism of the other. As to the observation, that the music in neither system is written upon the five-line stave, you might as well have observed, that in neither system are the ordinary symbols used for notes retained. You will, no doubt, say, that the substitute of the stave, instead of being a single character, is an assemblage of characters. True, it is; but the letters of the gamut supersede the stave so naturally, that let twenty individuals be set about [illegible]ding a substitute for this character from among the typographical symbols in ordinary use, and possibly not one will employ another than letters. The original use of the acute and grave accents is so analagous to that of the sharp and the flat, that the coincidence in the application of these characters is not a whit more extraordinary.

The coincidences between Mr. Dibdin's system and Mr. Patterson's, of which I made mention in my former letter, are much more remarkable. In both systems, the small letters and capitals of the Roman and italic alphabets are used for the same purpose, and disposed nearly in the same order. The different notes are represented by the different points of punctuation, with the addition of the hyphen (-) and the m dash (—) in the one system, and of the ½ and the ¼ in the other. Notwithstanding these coincidences, the systems bear internal evidence, independently of the tacit evidence of Mr. Dibdin himself, that, though they are the same in principle, they are distinct systems, and that the authors possess equal claims to the merit of "entire originality." Some of the symbols used in both systems are applied so much more happily in Mr. Patterson's, although it has the priority of the other by, at least, fifteen years, that, had Mr. Dibdin been aware of the existence of such a system, it is not to be believed he would have hesitated, from the mere affectation of originality, to avail himself of the advantage he possessed, and honestly to make the acknowledgments which justice demanded.

It seems that this new notation, as it is called, appeared to you to possess but little claim to originality, even before you had heard of Mr. Dibdin's work. It is not easy to perceive the grounds upon which you proceeded in arriving at this conclusion; but if it was upon the "seeming analogy" that my notation bore to the specimen you quoted from Rousseau, really, Sir, your sagacity upon the occasion does not appear to great advantage. The analogy between the two modes of notation is not more palpable than is the analogy which you have discovered between the cork of a bottle, and your own invention of the cork collar. I am far from disputing your claim to the originality of that invention, although, as some of your correspondents have already shown, it is by no means new in principle, however useful it may be in practice.

Rousseau's system, too, as I learn from his "Confessions," Part 2. Book 7. was made the subject of equal vituperation, and that, too, upon grounds equally slender. "They (the academy) had learned," he tells us, "I know not where, that a monk, of the name of Souhaitti, had formerly invented a mode of noting the gamut by ciphers: a sufficient proof that my system was not new. This might, perhaps, be the case; for although I had never heard of father Souhaitti, and notwithstanding his manner of writing the seven notes without attending to the octaves was not, under any point of view, worthy of entering into competition with my simple and commodious invention for easily noting by ciphers every possible kind of music, keys, rests, octaves, measure, time, and length of notes; things on which Souhaitti had never thought; it was, nevertheless, true, that with respect to the elementary expression of the seven notes, he was the first inventor.

I shall not pursue the question of originality farther for the present, as I trust I have already said enough to convince every unprejudiced reader that, notwithstanding what has been said to the contrary, there is no affinity between Mr. Dibdin's system and mine, that is too great not to be "purely accidental." In my next letter, I shall say a few words upon the "alleged" inutility of the system.—Yours, &c. ALEXANDER MACDONALD.

Hill-place, Stirling-road, Glasgow, Sept. 18, 1826.

UN MOT SUR L'INSTRUCTION DES SOURDS ET MUETS.

Suum cuique.

A L'EDITEUR.

MONSIEUR,—Nous n'avons pas d'exemple que les sages de l'antiquité se soient occupés des moyens propres à rapprocher de la société les sourds et muets, ces malheureuses victimes de la plus triste imperfection qui puisse accabler le genre humain. Il était réservé au dernier période du moyen âge, c'est à dire, au seizième siècle, de produire le premier homme qui eut tenté de mettre les sourds et muets en communication avec les autres hommes. Ce philanthrope était un Bénédictin Espagnol, nommé Ponce, dont l'exemple fut bientôt suivi par deux de ses compatriotes, Bonnet et Pereyra. Ce dernier étant venu mettre son art en pratique en France, un Poitevin, Henri Allard, marcha sur ses traces avec quelque succès; mais la mort enleva tous ces instituteurs avec la méthode de leur enseignement, qu'un égoïsme, difficile à expliquer, ne leur avait permis de communiquer à personne.

Müller en Allemagne, Wallis en Angleterre, Ammann en Hollande, et le Carmélite Peregrini en Italie, avaient déjà publié, avant ce temps, des modes d'instruction pour les sourds et muets; mais leurs leçons, commençant l'éducation par où l'on doit la finir, ne s'occupaient que des organes de la parole, au lieu de ceux de l'ouïe; et l'élève, en place d'un développement des facultés intellectuelles, n'y gagnait guères que la facilité d'opérer des mouvemens mecaniques, en rendant des sons qu'il n'entendait pas.

Auguste Marville, de Montpellier, publia une nouvelle méthôde sur le même sujet, en 1621; mais, quoiqu'il eut aidé ce qu'il appelait sa propre expérience de tout ce qui avait été dit avant lui, son livre ne fut d'aucun secours réel, puisqu'il continuait sur les erremens de ses prédécesseurs, qui tous avaient attribué la cause du mutisme à l'imperfection des organes vocaux.

Deux thèses soutenues à Paris, peu de tems après cette dernière publication, traitèrent le même sujet, sans nous éclairer davantage sur ce problème philosophique; et l'on peut avancer que les tâtonnemens pour fixer des règles positives à l'instruction des sourds et muets ne nous avaient amenés à aucune probabilité de succès, quelque faible qu'il pût être alors.

Enfin de l'Epée parut, et l'humanité fut affranchie d'un de ses plus cruels fléaux. C'est lui, qui, le premier, a soumis la muti-surdite à des lois infaillibles, arraché à la condition de la brute des hommes dont la raison était paralysée, et crée pour la postérité l'art d'instruire les sourds et muets. Sicard, son successeur, ajouta un nouvel éclat au flambeau dont le premier venait d'éclairer le monde. Les travaux immortels de ces deux grands hommes furent publiés dans toutes les langues, et servirent partout de guides aux hommes généreux, qui voulurent, ainsi que ces deux premiers maîtres, appliquer leurs veilles et leur génie à cette œuvre méritoire.

Si, comme dit Arnault,

"Un grand homme appartient à l'univers entier,"

tous les professeurs dans l'art d'instruire les sourds et muets doivent, avec justice, regarder de l'Epée et Sicard comme leurs grands maîtres. Ils ont été les fondateurs de l'art; mais, comme la perfection est un attribut de la Divinité, ils ont laissé à tous les hommes qui ont du jugement et de l'instruction la gloire d'améliorer le système qu'ils ont trouvé.

Le degré des connaissances particulières à chaque maître, son génie naturel, les inspirations de son cœur, et plus encore, les mœurs et la langue du pays où il enseigne, doivent, certes, avoir une grande influence sur une méthode acquise par transmission; l'on peut même admettre qu'ils ont cru devoir dénaturer la plus grande partie des principes reçus: tous ces motifs ne détruisent pas le fond de l'assertion—que les Abbés de l'Epée et Sicard sont les grands maîtres qui ont tracé et ouvert la route que leurs dignes imitateurs travaillent à applanir.

D. ALBERT.

☞ We shall give a translation of this next week.

EXPLANATION OF THE ASYMPTOTE.

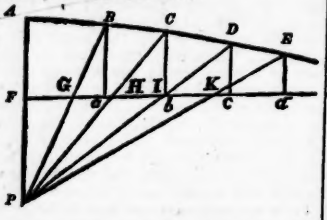
In consequence of a query by a correspondent respecting a well-known mathematical paradox, we have been favoured with the following communication:

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—An asymptote is a right line, which approaches continually nearer to some curve, of which it is said to be the asymptote, in such a manner, that when both are indefinitely produced, they are nearer together than by any given assignable distance.

The nature of an asymptote is very difficult to be conceived by persons not acquainted with the higher geometry; they often cannot comprehend how two lines should continually approach each other, without the possibility of ever touching, or coinciding. This mystery may, however, be elucidated, and the nature of these lines may be comprehended, by considering the generation of the conchoid of Nicomedes, which is as follows:

Let $F K$ be a right line, terminating at F, but indefinitely produced towards K. From the point P, let there be drawn any number of right lines, $P A$, $P B$, $P C$, $P D$, &c.



making the several parts $F A$, $G B$, $H C$, $I D$, $K E$, &c. equal to each other; the curve $A B C D E$ passing through all the extremities $A B C D E$, &c. is called the conchoid of Nicomedes. The line $F K$, or $F K$ produced, is the asymptote to the curve; in which it is obvious, from the above construction of the curve, that if $F K$ be produced, and the curve $A B C D E$ be continued both in the same direction, or towards K and E, they can never coincide, or touch, although one of them continually approaches towards the other.

To give another instance, let a straight line be divided into any number of equal parts, and at one of its ends let a perpendicular be erected, of a given length; also let perpendiculars be erected at all the other points; make the second of these perpendiculars equal to half the first, the third equal to half the second, the fourth equal to half the third, and so on. If the perpendiculars be very near to each other, and a curve line be drawn through all the points formed as above directed, the straight line will be an asymptote to the curve; and it is obvious that the curve and asymptote will never meet, although they may approach till they are nearer than any given assignable distance; in other words, the asymptote and curve are said to meet at an infinite distance.

Liverpool. W. MARRAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—There is an ambiguity in the last line of the following verse of Gray's beautiful Elegy, which I shall feel obliged if you or any of your correspondents will explain:—

"On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires."

September 20, 1826. H.

New Surgical Operation on the Teeth.—There is in the middle of each tooth, as every anatomist knows, a little cavity, in which the fine branches of nerves passing through the roots of the teeth are expanded. This expansion of nervous matter is the seat of sensation in the teeth; and when, by caries or decay of the enamel, it is exposed to the influence of external agencies, the patient is generally obliged, on account of the violence of the pain, to have the whole tooth pulled out. An ingenious surgeon from America, lately settled in London, has satisfactorily shown that the diseased part of the tooth, including the cavity above described, may be cut off with the greatest ease and celerity, and that the sound root or roots may be allowed to remain in their sockets. This mode of procedure has been shown and explained to the most scientific surgeons of this town, who have, without exception, expressed their conviction of its utility. The operation has been performed on more than two hundred members of the profession; and they have invariably declared that it occasioned no pain, and that it could scarcely be felt, as their own certificates show. The instruments used for this purpose are very simple; they are a few plain forceps, right angled and straight, with cutting edges, like the common surgical bone forceps, but those edges are made accurately to fit the necks of the teeth, and only the necks; so that, however decayed a tooth may be, the forceps may be safely and easily applied without any risk of breaking the tooth. Having been thus carefully applied on the neck of a tooth, the edges of the forceps should be held parallel to the edge of the gum, and should be made to press it down a little, in order to get at the neck about a line below the usual height of the gum; the handles of the forceps are then pressed gradually but firmly together, and in a moment the upper part of the tooth snaps off, including the cavity containing the expansion of the nerve, and thus in an instant permanently relieves all pain. The advantages of this operation are—1st. It is painless, and instantaneously performed.—2d. The surface of the sound stump remaining in the jaw, presents a firm base for mastication; or for the fixing of an artificial tooth.—3d. What is of greatest moment, the stump or stumps left in the jaw afford a firm support to the adjoining teeth, and without which support the alveolar process corresponding to the part before occupied by the diseased tooth, and a part of the interstice structure of the jaw, become absorbed; the adjoining teeth in a few years become loose, and ultimately prematurely fall out, as daily experience shows. Mr. Fay has, for his improvement in this branch of surgery, and for other forceps for the perpendicular extraction of teeth, when extraction may be absolutely required, received the large silver medal from the Society of Arts; and the instruments, with engravings, will be published in the next volume of the *Transactions of the Society.—Evening paper.*

To Correspondents.

MUSICAL NOTATION.—The only reply we feel called upon at present to make to Mr. Macdonald's letter is comprised in the following paragraph from the Notes to Correspondents, in the *Mercury:*—"Mr. Macdonald's second letter, in reply to our remarks on his mode of notation, shall appear in the *Kaleidoscope*. Whatever resemblance there may be between his plan and others which have preceded it, it is very possible that he may not be a plagiarist. We, however, retain the opinion we have already expressed, that none of the suggested improvements (as they are styled) will ever supersede the present musical notation. Dibdin published his *improved* method twenty years ago; but it does not appear that it has ever been adopted. We can assure Mr. Macdonald, that we think it very possible that two persons may unconsciously hit upon the same idea. Solomon, a long time since, said that there was "nothing new under the sun;" and we have ourselves been taxed with deriving hints from books of which we had never previously even heard.

MARVELLOUS NARRATIVES.—Our correspondent *Lorrain* is informed, that in publishing the letter on Natural History, which appears to have amused him and his friends, we accompanied the insertion with an editorial note, which, if it had not been necessarily postponed, would have shown that the narrative of Pontoppidan appears to us as unworthy of implicit belief as it is considered by himself and friends.—The note to which we have adverted will be found in the first column of the present number of the *Kaleidoscope.*

SONG OF THE BELL.—The translator of the Song of the Bell which appeared in the *Kaleidoscope* of the 5th instant, informs us that another translation was made by Lord Francis Gower, and published by him in a volume of poems from the German.

A. F. D.'s essay will be thought to bear much too hard upon theatrical and other amusements, and we shall accompany its insertion next week with a prefatory note disclaiming a participation in the general anathema of the writer. Every thing may be abused; and it is the grand business of life to select good out of evil, not to reject good because it is alloyed with evil.

We have just received *P. P.'s* description of his jaunt to Windsor, which is reserved for our next number.

RAPID CONVEYANCE.—We did not receive *B. S. W.'s* communication in time for this week.

ERRATUM.—In the motto to the fourth chapter of "The Betrothed," in our last, *for deceased read diseased.*

We have further to acknowledge *L.—J. B.—T. P.—Constant Reader—Chit Chat—T. U. S.—W. B.—Q.*

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